

WEEKLY CHAMPION.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
A. E. FAY, Proprietor

**ALL SORTS.**  
Makes tracks—The railroad builder.  
Financial circle—\$(1,000,000.  
The dentist is *facile foreseps* in his profession.  
Brought down the house—The building mover.  
Temporantur—We have adopted the new time.  
Josh Billings has made his success by throwing a peculiar spell over the public.  
Though cleanliness be next to godliness, dirty bank-notes influence the most earnest devotion.  
Even the lowest-priced hand organ costs \$25. There's no going into business nowadays without capital.  
A New York woman keeps a coach dog to match her freckles. She probably calls him "Spot."  
England is preparing to protect her interests in China. That must be what is meant by a bull in a china shop.  
A miss is not as good as a mile, for a Miss has only two feet, while a mile has 5,280. Shoot the maxim maker.  
Thomas Slynshy Dudley Pager Ingram has gone wrong in Cincinnati. He will be greatly missed by the directory man.  
It is easy to pick out a journalist in the crowded street, because he is the only person who always keeps to the write.  
Patti always has the best of everything. A cold in her head costs her \$5,000 a night, when it is powerful enough to keep her from singing.  
Cockroaches, it is said, have \$3,000 teeth. As much as we hate the creatures, we should feel bad for a cockroach with the toothache.  
A missionary tells a story of a Zulu chief who embraced Christianity at once when told it meant only one wife. The tawny gentleman was in search of peace.  
There is no doubt that tobacco is injurious to the health. We remember the first time we tried it, and we were the sickest boy in three counties.  
Of the Parsee there are only 20,000 in the world. They are not of numerically to the Smiths, to say nothing of the Smiths and Smythes.  
"There's room at the top," is a good motto for bald headed men.—[Cincinnati Merchant Traveler. No very desirable room, for there's no 'air'.  
The yearly ratio of suicides is the lowest in Naples of any of the great cities. The injunction to "See Naples and die" does not seem to be strictly obeyed.  
A Frenchman claims to have invented a paper which is combustible. Let some of our essayists get hold of it, and they will make it dry enough to burn.  
There are said to be 11,000 one-legged men in the United States. One-legged men form the most peaceful and submissive element of our population. They never kick.  
Gen. Hazen has the greatest sympathy for the False Prophet of Egypt. The General has had charge of the United States weather for a number of years, and knows all about it.  
Cheeky Passenger—"Any fear of my disturbing the magnetic currents, captain, by going near the compass?" Captain—"Oh, no, sir. Brass has no effect on it whatever, sir!"  
Emperor Francis Joseph says he despises cards and does not know an ace from a jack. There is something wrong here. When a man despises cards it is because he knows altogether too much of them.  
"How is Johnny doing at school?" asked a lady of Johnny's mamma during a call. "Splendidly. He talks in two languages now." "Dear me; what are they, French or German?" "Oh, no. English and profane."

**TO RAISE PLANTS.**  
A lady, whose beautiful plants are the delight of her life and the envy of all her acquaintances, revealed the secret of her success the other day. The soil is, she says, about two-thirds good garden soil, and the rest is sand. It is kept light and loose about the roots; they are watered as they appear to need it, and not according to any particular rule; but the chief reason for their wonderful growth and bloom is this:— "When any of the leaves wither and fall, instead of picking them up and throwing them away, I make little rolls of them and tuck them down in the earth, and let them decay; and this is the only fertilizer I have ever used. This," she added modestly, "seems to be nature's way. And the plants that have the afternoon sun only grow and rival those that have the morning sun."

**BIG TOMBS.**—New York Letter: Big tombs are now the rage. Huntington projects one to cost \$200,000 at Woodlawn. Vanderbilt's, now going up at New Drop, Staten Island, will cost \$150,000, and look like the Cathedral of Ely. Commodore Garrison's Italian octagon mausoleum cost \$100,000. Jay Gould has at Woodlawn a Greek temple, to cost \$150,000. This is a good use to put money to, showing that rich men are thinking of their mortality, and also encouraging serious art. I observe that angels are going out of fashion on monuments. The angel, like the griffin and the megatherium, has had his day.

**THE TRAINMAN.**  
How a Smart Negro Boy Identifies the Genuine Article.  
A slim young man, wearing a fur cap and a last year's ulster, stood with a lonesome look on his face in the waiting-room of the Polk Street Depot, Chicago, the other evening. He thoughtfully measured with his eye the colored youth behind the lunch counter a few feet away. Then he climbed on a high stool by the counter, and reached for a sandwich. He winked at the colored boy, and was instantly supplied with a cup of coffee. Three more sandwiches came within his grasp and disappeared one after another. Then he devoured a turnover and two hard-boiled eggs. Another cup of coffee and a quarter of a mince pie finished the meal. Then the slim young man glided from his stool, and said carelessly:  
"What's the filin' worth?"  
"Seventy cents, sha," replied the waiter promptly.  
"What!" cried the slim young man, "you musn't charge me passenger rates, you know, I'm a trainman, remember."  
"What kind of a trainman?" demanded the colored youth, suspiciously.  
"Grand Trunk brakeman," responded the slim young man.  
"Got to 'identif' yo'self," sullenly said the waiter.  
"Don't think anybody knows me here," said the other, with hesitation.  
"Show wat yo' got in yo' pockets, den. Every trainman has a car-key or a train book, or somethin' else along to 'identif' hisself wid' it."  
"Changed my clothes since the last run," said the slim young man, growing pale. "You'll have to take my word for it."  
"Yo' word's no good," said the waiter, contemptuously. "I'll give yo' one mo' chance. Call out the towns jus' 's if dis was a pass'n'g'r cah."  
The slim young man threw back his shoulders, clutched the counter, and shouted:  
"Battle Creek!  
"Niagara Falls!  
"Montreal!"  
"Stop, sah; yo' is a cheat. No brakeman ebber call um dat way. Dis is wot dose towns is!"  
"Bleawie!  
"Nagowash!  
"Goo-r-r-eal!"  
"Dare," concluded the waiter triumphantly, "if yo'd a called um dat way I'd let yo' off wid' thirty-five cents. Seventy cents, sah; and hurry up!"—Inter Ocean.

**A LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY.**  
An enterprising traveling agent for a well-known Cleveland tombstone manufactory lately made a business visit to a small town in an adjoining county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him and offer him consolation and a gravestone, on his usual reasonable terms. He started. The road was a frightful one, but the agent persevered and finally arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting fence rails "over in a pasture, about two miles." The indefatigable agent hitched his horse and started for the "pasture." After falling into all manner of mud-holes, scratching himself with briars, and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear of it and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all, both of high and low degree. Informed the man that "what his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a gravestone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he choose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was "a little difficulty in the way." "Hav'n't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent. "Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no gravestun ain't necessary; you see the cussed critter ain't dead. She's scooted with another man!" The agent retired.

**A DIVER'S STORY.**  
Bregman, the Cleveland diver, tells the following story: "Once I went up to Twin Lakes, near Gilead, Mich., to dive for a body of a man who had gone in swimming with two companions. I found an immense concourse of people on the shore. The grief-stricken mother had erected a stand, and was doing an immense business in sandwiches and circus lemonade. A collection of \$400 for her and her son's children had been taken up, and part of it had been set apart to pay me and foot the burial expenses. I searched several hours, and found nobody. Months afterward I met a man from that region, and he said: 'Say, Mister, do you know why you couldn't find that body?' I give it up. 'Why, the fellow was up in the pineries of Michigan. When he sunk he swam to the other shore, where he had another suit of cloths hid. He wanted to get away from his wife, and that's the way he did it.'"

Last week the big boss of the Mormon church, John Taylor, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday by holding a general muster of his numerous wives and calling the roll. Some of his first wives had to have an introduction to her husband in order to be able to enjoy the festivities. The young and good-looking ones were all solid with the old man.

Mr. Howells parts his hair in the middle, and we suppose anyone would ask why, he would give "A Woman's reason."

**SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.**  
There are times in one's life when all the world seems to turn against us. Our motives are misunderstood, our words are misconstrued, a malicious smile reveals to us the unfriendly feelings of others. Oh! how hard it seems, and the more so that we cannot divine the cause. Courage, patience, disconsolate one! God is making a furrow in your heart, where he will surely sow his grace. It is rare where injustice, or slights patiently borne, do not leave the heart at the close filled with marvelous joy and peace.  
Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.  
We never regret the kind words we have spoken or the retort we have left unsaid, but bitterly we recall sharp words spoken angrily, and unkind actions that may have caused tears to come to eyes that will never shed any more.  
The thousand tongues of the press, clearer far than the silver trumpet of the jubilee, louder than the voice of the herald at the games, may speak and do speak to the whole people, without calling them from their homes or interrupting them in their employments.  
Our fellow-creatures can only judge of what we are from what we do; but in the eye of our Maker what we do is of no worth except as it flows from what we are.  
Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life and it is remedied by exercise and motion.  
The rage of the people is like that of the sea, which, once breaking bounds, overflowing a country with that suddenness and violence that leaves no hopes of flying.  
Mental pleasures never clog. Unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection and strengthened by enjoyment.  
The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem, but it is the benevolent man who wins our affections.  
If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.  
We see farthest into the future—and that is not far—when we most carefully consider the facts of the present.  
The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.  
To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of great mind.  
A string of opinions no more constitutes faith than a string of beads constitutes holiness.  
'Tis hard for a man to say, all the world is mistaken but himself. Be it so who can help it?  
Passion transforms us into a kind of savage, and makes us brutal and sanguinary.

**KILLED BY KINDNESS.**  
A physician informed your correspondent that, in a very severe case of sickness of a child that he was attending, he found that the remedies given did not have their usual effect, and he instituted a searching enquiry and ascertained that the anxious mother, who was nursing the child, was in the habit of giving her everything that callers suggested, and he remonstrated with her, and finally informed the husband that he could not consent to continue in charge of the case unless the mother would adhere strictly to his instructions. He was sure that the husband would endeavor to correct the fault of his wife, and continued in charge of the case, but the child died, and, when the neighbors called to condole with the afflicted mother, she assured them that it was a great comfort to her to know that she had done all that she could for the dear, departed child. She gave it everything that was recommended or that she could think of, but nothing seemed to do any good, and she supposed her little daughter's time had come, "it was to be."—[Providence Journal.

**THE DEAF MUTES.**  
Rev. A. W. Mann, the deaf mute preacher, writes to the Cleveland Leader in defense of deaf-mutes as useful citizens:  
"Deaf-mutes are able to support themselves by manual occupations just as well as people in possession of the sense of hearing. No use whatever exists, therefore, for their resorting to begging. It is a fact, however, that the very few who are engaged in this disreputable occupation are encouraged to continue in it by the benevolent, who are too easily moved by their appeals for money. In nearly every case their appeals have no basis of truth. The success of those persons in living without work has encouraged unprincipled hearing persons to imitate them. Hence, the occasional arrests of impostors in the larger cities. A way to remedy this evil is to refer such applicants to the officers of societies for organizing charity, instead of giving them aid directly. People are apt to come to wrong conclusions concerning the deaf-mute community by noticing such impostors. Some people suppose the majority of deaf-mutes to be subjects of charity, and living upon it. I can say now, after much observation, that the excess of such unworthy persons is very much in favor of those impostors. The majority, by very far, of deaf-mutes are honest, industrious, self-supporting and useful citizens."

The writer who makes "reminiscences" a business, must mingle much with the "oldest inhabitant," and unconsciously becomes what harsh people would call a liar.

**THE STRANGER FROM KANSAS.**  
Mr. B. Ashley, of Abilene, Kansas, with weak eyes, on his way to Europe, registered himself last August at a fashionable New York hotel. He was warned against bunko-steerers, but fell into the hands of one of the worst of 'em, a thin-lipped man named "Hungry Joe." He kept drawing his money in big sums after this until it was all gone. One night after a long talk with several of his new companions, they went away and telegraphed as follows: "Postmaster, Abilene, Kansas: Do you know Benjamin Ashley, cattle-raiser? R. Dickson, New York." The reply was evidently in all respects satisfactory, and within two days Mr. Ashley received in his room at the hotel a visit from the three confidence operators and a lawyer. The visitors withdrew, and Mr. Ashley deposited that night the sum of \$14,000 cash in the office. Two days afterward he took passage on a steamer for Liverpool, having explained that he had sold a half-interest of his Kansas cattle ranch to his friends, and that "Hungry Joe" had expressed a wish to retire from city life. Mr. Ashley had been gone from the hotel eleven days, when a tall man came in and signed himself "Benjamin Ashley, London." This was apparently another Benjamin Ashley. Early the next day one of the first callers was the thin-lipped young man, who asked to have his name sent up to Mr. Ashley's room, and the tall man from London came in, advanced courteously, and said: "Did you wish to see me? I am Mr. Ashley." "Eh?" queried Hungry Joe, with a startled look. "You're not Mr. Benjamin Ashley?" "Precisely." "Not of Kansas?" "Yes, of Abilene, Kansas. How can I serve you?" The thin lips of the confidence man were rather white by this time. "Do you own a large cattle ranch thirty-five miles south of Abilene?" "I believe I do. Why do you ask?" "Been to Europe to have your eyes doctored?" "Yes." I have now been aboard four months. Please explain yourself." "Well," echoed the Broadway man, "if you are Benjamin Ashley, and you do own that ranch, the cleverest man in the country has given me a deal, that's all. Why, it ain't two weeks ago that me and two friends bought a half-interest in that ranch, and, by George! the man who sold us stopped in this same hotel." The previous Mr. Ashley had represented himself as the owner of the Ashley ranch, and at his request the speaker had telegraphed the Abilene postmaster, who had replied giving detail as to the property, which is valued to about \$50,000 and had added that Mr. Ashley had gone aboard for medical treatment. The man had represented that he wanted to make certain expenditures in Europe, and that his card losses would prevent unless he could dispose of an interest in his ranch. He produced deeds to establish his ownership, and they seemed satisfactory even to the lawyers. Thinking he had a chance to get \$25,000 worth of material for \$14,000, the victim had taken two friends in with him, and by clubbing together they had raised the necessary amount.  
"Really," observed the Englishman, "I am very sorry for you, but you have unquestionably been swindled."  
"And that's the cuss who got off to Europe with my money, hang him," burst in the defrauded confidence operator angrily. "What's worse, he went away full of my champagne, and smelling of my basket of flowers. That man's a d—d swindler, that's what he is."

**WANTS HER INDEPENDENCE.**  
There can be little doubt that the cry of Canadian "independence" is gaining ground; and that in a few years all political connection between this country and Great Britain will be at an end. It is well that such is the case. As Canadians we have no quarrel with the mother land; we bear her no ill will, but we have our own well being to consider, and no mere sentimental loyalty must be allowed to stand in the way of our advancement. What we lack in this country is a national spirit; a spirit that is Canadian and not British; a spirit that will be emphatically Canada first, and that will compel our politicians and statesmen to look at all questions from a purely Canadian point of view. No one in his sense supposes for one moment that the dominion is going to remain a British colony. The most ignorant among us know that a change will ultimately take place, and Canadian independence is no longer a question of principle but one of expediency. Is it expedient at present to agitate our national independence; for a purely Canadian republic? That is the real question, not whether it is right in principle to do so. There are thousands in this dominion who believe that the time has come for us to put on long clothes, and, as a matter of fact, the agitation for independence has begun, nor will it end until our first president takes the oath of office. A nation we have got to be before we can expect any great advancement, and a nation we shall be before many more years are over.—[Winnipeg Siftings.

The "wishbone" wedding has become the correct thing. The couple stand beneath a floral wishbone. After the ceremony the bride and groom are given the wishbone to pull. The tug results in a break somewhere, and whoever holds the long piece is absolved from getting up to build fires in the morning.

A man in Yonkers began to laugh immoderately over some amusing narrative, and finally, to his dismay, was conscious that he could not stop. The doctor had given him up and the family were gathering around in expectation of the end, when a telegram arrived saying that his wife's mother was coming to make a short visit. He was saved, and has laughed no more.

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